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mare; on the other hand, tourists returning from Killarney to Cork should set out from Bantry: being thus, in either case, enabled to vary the route agreeably—to explore the magnificent pass of Loo Leah, or Glen of the Leaping Deer—the picturesque, yet unnoticed, Lake of Inchegeela—and, above all, the awe-inspiring scene now before us, of which any illustration, either by the pencil or the pen,

however faithful, spirited, and ample, must fail to produce an adequate impression.

At a short distance from the Pass of the Leaping Deer, it is advisable to quit wheeled carriages, and to proceed on horseback or on foot along an indifferent bridle-road, which, after crossing one or two shallow streams, turns at a sharp angle.



HERMITAGE OF ST. FINBAR.

Suddenly and unexpectedly, the lake—dark, yet lustrous as highly polished marble—its wooded islet, and its precipitous crags crowded together over its brink, burst upon the view in gloomy grandeur. Few there are who do not pause involuntarily on this spot to give silent testimony, by a total abstraction from all but the scene before them, of the intensity of feeling excited by the opening glance of the chosen solitude of Finbar. The verdure of the islet floating upon the glassy surface of the waters, and the dense foliage of the grove of broad-leaved ash trees hanging over it, contrast finely with the bare and craggy ramparts of the opposite shores, where the rocks present some resemblance, in their arrangement, to those that overhang the Lake of Thun, as seen from the Castle of Spiez, in Switzerland.

On reaching the islet by a narrow causeway, the rude remains of ecclesiastical buildings lie scattered around. The most remarkable of them are vaulted cells, like bins, on a large scale; their use has not been very clearly ascertained. Westward, upon the extreme left, is heard the enlivening roar of the Luvius or Lee, which rises from this lake, bearing with it an immense volume of water at its very source. On every side rise, or rather stand up, ridges of projecting rocks, inaccessible, on the south and west, to the foot even of a mountain goat, worn with continual torrents, and bearing scarcely a lichen on their sterile sides. An intervening crag hides from view the pass through which entrance had been gained. A sense of desolation—the feeling of a total severance from mankind—of utter abandonment, now forces itself on the imagination. Escape seems impossible; so that, as is quaintly observed by an old historian of Cork, “if a person was

carried into it blindfold, it would seem almost impossible, without the wings of an eagle, to get out, the mountain making round it, as it were, a wall of rocks some hundred yards high.” The same writer observes, that “This lake is environed by a stupendous amphitheatre of lofty hills, composed of perpendicular bleached rocks, in some places boldly overhanging the basin. In the crevices of the rocks grow yews and evergreens. In fair weather there are several rills, that quietly glide down, with a murmuring noise, into the lake; but, after heavy rains, the whole enclosure becomes a perfect chaos: the water, from the top of the mountain, tumbling all around in cataracts, with a roaring noise like thunder, which makes a most awful and majestic scene.”

The nursery tale of the Well of the World's End is recalled to the mind by a visit to this place as vividly as when its recital first amused our childish fancy. The lonely anchorite's last refuge from the vanities of busy life is attained. Standing within the circle of waters, round whose verge solitude and gloom hold undisturbed dominion, he feels as if he had reached the utmost limits habitable by man—the extreme point of animal and vegetable existence.

To the lonely angler we are most probably indebted for the revival of a knowledge of this grand and majestic recess, the object formerly of veneration to the admirer of austere sanctity, and now of admiration to the eye of taste. The Lee is one of the first salmon and trout streams in Ireland; and with moderate skill, may be fished successfully from Googane to the suburbs of Cork. In the lake, which is plentifully stocked, trout of several species are to be found.